

at Rogers' or Smith's drug stores.

Hing Lee, the oblique-eyed son of the Orient, whose emporium for the cleansing of soiled linen was all ripped up the back and ironed out flat by the wind of Wednesday last, has moved himself and his flat-iron to Dr. Pattison's house at 114 Pearl Street, just opposite the box factory, where he will washee washee as before.

The cyclone was an ill wind - surely